



L. Laguerre inv. °

Lud Du Guernier sculp



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Lud Du Guernier sculp

THE  
CAMPAIGN,  
A  
POEM,

To His GRACE the  
DUKE of Marlborough.

---

By Mr. ADDISON.

---

-----Rheni pacator & Istri.  
Omnis in hoc Uno variis discordia cessit  
Ordinibus; letatur Eques, plauditque Senator,  
Votaque Patricio certant Plebeia favori.

Claud. de Laud. Stilic.

*Esse aliquam in terris Gentem quæ suâ impensâ, suo labore ac  
perilo bella gerat pro Libertate aliorum. Nec hoc finitimis, aut  
propinqua vicinitatis hominibus, aut terris continenti junctis  
præstet. Maria trajiciat: ne quod toto orbe terrarum inju-  
stum imperium sit, & ubique jus, fas, lex potentissima sint.*

Liv. Hist. Lib. 33.

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THE FIFTH EDITION.

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*anal*





T H E  
*CAMPAIN,*  
A  
P O E M.



W H I L E Crouds of Princes Your  
Deserts proclaim,  
Proud in their Number to enroll  
Your Name;  
While Emperors to You commit  
their Cause,

And *ANNA*'s Praises crown the vast Applause;  
Accept, Great Leader, what the Muse recites,  
That in ambitious Verse attempts your Fights,  
Fir'd and transported with a Theme so new:  
Ten Thousand Wonders op'ning to my View.

Shine forth at once; Sieges and Storms appear,  
 And Wars and Conquests fill th' Important Year,  
 Rivers of Blood I see, and Hills of Slain,  
 An Iliad rising out of One Campaign.

The Haughty *Gaul* beheld, with tow'ring Pride,  
 His ancient Bounds enlarg'd on ev'ry Side,  
*Pirene's* lofty Barriers were subdu'd,  
 And in the midst of his wide Empire flood;  
*Aufonia's* States, the Victor to restrain,  
 Oppos'd their *Alpes* and *Appenines* in vain,  
 Nor found themselves, with strength of Rocks immur'd,  
 Behind their Everlasting Hills secur'd;  
 The rising *Danube* its long Race began,  
 And half its Course through the new Conquests ran;  
 Amaz'd and anxious for her Sov'raign's Fates,  
*Germania* trembled through a hundred States;  
 Great *Leopold* himself was seiz'd with Fear,  
 He gaz'd around, but saw no Succour near,  
 He gaz'd, and half abandon'd to Despair  
 His Hopes on Heav'n, and Confidence in Pray'r.

To BRITAIN'S QUEEN the Nations turn their Eyes,  
 On Her Resolves the Western World relies,  
 Confiding still, amidst its dire Alarms,  
 In ANNA's Councils, and in CHURCHILL's Arms:  
 Thrice Happy BRITAIN, from the Kingdoms rent,  
 To sit the Guardian of the Continent!

That

That sees her Bravest Son advanc'd so high,  
And flourishing so near her Prince's Eye;  
Thy Fav'rites grow not up by Fortune's sport,  
Or from the Crimes, or Follies of a Court;  
On the firm Basis of Desert they rise,  
From long try'd Faith, and Friendship's Holy Ties:  
Their Sov'raign's well-distinguish'd Smiles they share,  
Her Ornaments in Peace, her Strength in War;  
The Nation thanks them with a Publick Voice,  
By Show'rs of Blessings Heav'n approves their Choice;  
Envy it self is dumb, in Wonder lost,  
And Factions strive who shall applaud 'em most.

Soon as soft Vernal Breezes warm the Sky,  
*Britannia's* Colours in the Zephyrs fly;  
Her Chief already has his March begun,  
Crossing the Provinces Himself had won,  
'Till the *Moselle*, appearing from afar,  
Retards the Progress of the Moving War:  
Delightful Stream, had Nature bid her Fall  
In distant Climes, far from the perjur'd *Gaul*;  
But now a Purchase to the Sword she lyes,  
Her Harvests for uncertain Owners rise,  
Each Vineyard doubtful of its Master grows,  
And to the Victor's Bowl each Vintage flows:  
The discontented Shades of slaughter'd Hosts,  
That wander'd on her Banks, her Heroes Ghosts  
Hoped, when they saw *Britannia's* Arms appear,  
The Vengeance due to their great Deaths was near.

## The CAMPAIGN.

Our God-like Leader, ere the Stream he past,  
 The mighty Scheme of all his Labours cast,  
 Forming the Wond'rous Year within his Thought;  
 His Bosom glow'd with Battels yet unfought:  
 The long laborious March he first surveys,  
 And joins the distant *Danube* to the *Maeſe*,  
 Between whose Floods such pathleſs Foreſts grow,  
 Such Mountains riſe, ſo many Rivers flow:  
 The Toil looks lovely in the Heroe's Eyes,  
 And Danger ſerves but to enhance the Prize.

Big with the Fate of *Europe*, he renews  
 His dreadful Courſe, and the proud Foe purſues:  
 Infecte'd by the burning Scorpion's Heat,  
 The ſultry Gales round his chaſ'd Temples beat  
 'Till on the Borders of the *Maine* he finds  
 Deſenſive Shadows, and reſreſhing Winds:  
 Our *Britiſh* Youth, with in-born Freedom bold,  
 Unnumber'd Scenes of Servitude behold,  
 Nations of Slaves, with Tyranny debas'd,  
 (Their Maker's Image more than half defac'd)  
 Hourly inſtructed, as they urge their Toil,  
 To prize their QUEEN, and love their Native Soil.

Still to the riſing Sun they take their Way  
 Through Clouds of Duſt, and gain upon the Day.  
 When now the *Neckar* on its friendly Coaſt  
 With cooling Streams revives the fainting Hoſt,

That

That chearfully its Labours past forgets,  
The Midnight Watches, and the Noon-day Heats.

O'er prostrate Towns and Palaces they pass,  
(Now cover'd o'er with Weeds, and hid in Grass)  
Breathing Revenge; whilst Anger and Disdain  
Fire ev'ry Breast, and boil in ev'ry Vein:  
Here shatter'd Walls, like broken Rocks, from far  
Rise up in hideous Views, the Guilt of War,  
Whilst here the Vine o'er Hills of Ruin climbs,  
Industrious to conceal great *Bourbon's* Crimes.

At length the Fame of *England's* Heroe drew  
*Eugenio* to the glorious Interview;  
Great Souls by Instinct to each other turn,  
Demand Alliance, and in Friendship burn;  
A sudden Friendship, while with stretch'd out Rays  
They meet each other, mingling Blaze with Blaze.  
Polish'd in Courts, and harden'd in the Field,  
Renown'd for Conquest, and in Council skill'd,  
Their Courage dwells not in a troubled Flood  
Of mounting Spirits, and fermenting Blood;  
Lodg'd in the Soul, with Virtue over-rul'd,  
Inflam'd by Reason, and by Reason cool'd,  
In Hours of Peace content to be unknown,  
And only in the Field of Battel shown.  
To Souls like these, in mutual Friendship join'd,  
Heav'n dares entrust the Cause of Human kind.

*Britannia's* graceful Sons appear in Arms,  
 Her Harra's'd Troops the Heroe's Presence warms,  
 Whilst the high Hills and Rivers all around  
 With thund'ring Peals of *British* Shouts resound:  
 Doubling their Speed they March with fresh Delight,  
 Eager for Glory, and require the Fight.  
 So the stanch Hound the trembling Deer pursues,  
 And smells his Footsteps in the tainted Dews,  
 The tedious Track unrav'ling by degrees:  
 But when the Scent comes warm in ev'ry Breeze,  
 Fir'd at the near Approach, he shoots away  
 On his full Stretch, and bears upon his Prey.

The March concludes, the various Realms are past,  
 Th' Immortal *Schellenberg* appears at last:  
 Like Hills th' aspiring Ramparts rise on high,  
 Like Vallies at their Feet the Trenches lye;  
 Batt'ries on Batt'ries guard each fatal Pass,  
 Threat'ning Destruction; Rows of hollow Brass,  
 Tube behind Tube, the dreadful Entrance keep,  
 Whilst in their Wombs Ten Thousand Thunders sleep:  
 Great CHURCHILL owns, charm'd with the glorious sight,  
 His March o'er-paid by such a promis'd Fight.

The Western Sun now shot a feeble Ray,  
 And faintly scatter'd the Remains of Day,  
 Ev'ning approach'd; but oh what Hosts of Foes  
 Were never to behold that Ev'ning close!

Thick-



Thick'ning their Ranks, and wedg'd in firm Array,  
The close compacted *Britons* win their Way;  
In vain the Cannon their throng'd War defac'd  
With Tracts of Death, and laid the Battel waste;  
Still pressing forward to the Fight, they broke  
Through Flames of Sulphur, and a Night of Smoke,  
'Till slaughter'd Legions fill'd the Trench below,  
And bore their fierce Avengers to the Foe.

High on the Works the mingling Hosts engage;  
The Battel kindled into Tenfold Rage  
With Show'rs of Bullets and with Storms of Fire  
Burns in full Fury, Heaps on Heaps expire,  
Nations with Nations mix'd confus'dly die,  
And lost in one promiscuous Carnage lye.

How many gen'rous *Britons* meet their Doom,  
New to the Field, and Heroes in the Bloom!  
Th' Illustrious Youths, that left their Native Shore  
To March where *Britons* never march'd before,  
(O Fatal Love of Fame! O Glorious Heat  
Only Destructive to the Brave and Great!)  
After such Toils o'ercome, such Dangers past,  
Stretch'd on *Bavarian* Ramparts breathe their last,  
But hold, my Muse, may no Complaints appear,  
Nor blot the Day with an ungrateful Tear:  
While MARLBORÔ lives *Britannia's* Stars dispense  
A friendly Light, and shine in Innocence.

Plunging

Plunging thro' Seas of Blood his fiery Steed  
 Where-e'er his Friends retire, or Foes succeed;  
 Those he supports, these drives to sudden Flight,  
 And turns the various Fortune of the Fight.

Forbear, Great Man, Renown'd in Arms, forbear  
 To brave the thickest Terrors of the War,  
 Nor hazard thus, confus'd in Crouds of Foes,  
*Britannia's* Safety, and the World's Repose;  
 Let Nations anxious for thy Life abate  
 This Scorn of Danger, and Contempt of Fate:  
 Thou liv'st not for thy self; thy QUEEN demands  
 Conquest and Peace from thy Victorious Hands;  
 Kingdoms and Empires in thy Fortune join,  
 And *Europe's* Destiny depends on Thine.

At length the long-disputed Pass they gain,  
 By crouded Armies fortify'd in vain;  
 The War breaks in, the fierce *BAVARIANS* yield,  
 And see their Camp with *British* Legions fill'd.  
 So *Belgian* Mounds bear on their shatter'd Sides  
 The Sea's whole weight, encreas'd with swelling Tides,  
 But if the rushing Wave a Passage finds,  
 Enrag'd by watry Moons, and warring Winds,  
 The trembling Peasant sees his Country round  
 Cover'd with Tempests, and in Oceans drown'd.

The few surviving Foes dispers'd in Flight,  
 (Refuse of Swords, and Gleanings of a Fight)

## The CAMPAIGN.

9

In ev'ry ruffling Wind the Victor hear,  
And MARLBOROUGH'S Form in ev'ry Shadow fear,  
'Till the dark Cope of Night with kind Embrace  
Befriends the Rout, and covers their Disgrace.

To *Dennawert*, with unresisted Force,  
The gay Victorious Army bends its Course;  
The Growth of Meadows, and the Pride of Fields,  
Whatever Spoils *Bavaria*'s Summer yields,  
(The *Danube*'s great Increase) *Britannia* shares,  
The Food of Armies, and Support of Wars:  
With Magazines of Death, destructive Balls,  
And Cannons doom'd to batter *Landau*'s Walls,  
The Victor finds each hidden Cavern stor'd,  
And turns their Fury on their Guilty Lord.

Deluded Prince! how is thy Greatness crost,  
And all the gaudy Dream of Empire lost,  
That proudly set thee on a fancy'd Throne,  
And made Imaginary Realms thy own!  
Thy Troops, that now behind the *Danube* join,  
Shall shortly seek for Shelter from the *Rhine*,  
Nor find it there: Surrounded with Alarms,  
Thou hop'st th' Assistance of the *Gallic* Arms;  
The *Gallic* Arms in Safety shall advance,  
And croud thy Standards with the Pow'r of *France*,  
While to exalt thy Doom, th' aspiring *Gaul*  
Shares thy Destruction, and adorns thy Fall.

Un-

Unbounded Courage and Compassion join'd,  
 Temp'ring each other in the Victor's Mind,  
 Alternately proclaim him Good and Great,  
 And make the Hero and the Man compleat.  
 Long did he strive th'obdurate Foe to gain  
 By proffer'd Grace, but long he strove in vain;  
 'Till fir'd at length he thinks it vain to spare  
 His rising Wrath, and gives a Loose to War.  
 In Vengeance rous'd the Soldier fills his Hand  
 With Sword and Fire, and ravages the Land,  
 A Thousand Villages to Ashes turns,  
 In crackling Flames a Thousand Harvests burns;  
 To the thick Woods the woolly Flocks retreat,  
 And mixt with bellowing Herds confus'dly bleat;  
 Their trembling Lords the common Shade partake,  
 And Cries of Infants found in every Brake:  
 The list'ning Soldier fixt in Sorrow stands,  
 Loth to Obey his Leader's just Commands;  
 The Leader grieves, by gen'rous Pity sway'd,  
 To see his just Commands so well obey'd.

But now the Trumpet terrible from far  
 In shriller Clangors animates the War,  
 Confed'rate Drums in fuller Consort Beat,  
 And ecchoing Hills the loud Alarm repeat:  
 Gallia's proud Standards, to Bavaria's join'd,  
 Unfurl their gilded Lillies in the Wind;  
 The daring Prince his blasted Hopes renews,  
 And while the thick embattled Host he views

Stretcht out in deep Array, and dreadful Length,  
His Heart dilates, and glories in his Strength.

The fatal Day its mighty Course began,  
That the griev'd World had long desir'd in vain:  
States that their New Captivity bemoan'd,  
Armies of Martyrs that in Exile groan'd,  
Sighs from the Depth of gloomy Dungeons heard,  
And Pray'rs in Bitterness of Soul preferr'd,  
*Europe's* loud Cries, that Providence assail'd,  
And *ANNA's* Ardent Vows at length prevail'd;  
The Day was come when Heav'n design'd to show  
His Care and Conduct of the World below.

Behold in awful March and dread Array  
The long Extended Squadrons shape their Way!  
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts  
An anxious Horror to the Bravest Hearts,  
Yet do their beating Breasts demand the Strife,  
And Thirst of Glory quells the Love of Life;  
No vulgar Fears can *British* Minds controul,  
Heat of Revenge, and Noble Pride of Soul  
O'er-look the Foe, advantag'd by his Post,  
Lessen his Numbers, and Contract his Host:  
Tho' Fens and Floods possess the middle Space,  
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass,  
Nor Fens nor Floods can stop *Britannia's* Bands,  
When Her proud Foe rang'd on their Borders stands.

But

But O, my Muse, what Numbers wilt thou find  
 To sing the furious Troops in Battel join'd!  
 Methinks I hear the Drum's tumultuous Sound  
 The Victor's Shouts and Dying Groans confound,  
 The dreadful Burst of Cannon rend the Skies,  
 And all the Thunder of the Battel rise.

'Twas then great MARLBORÔ's mighty Soul was prov'd,  
 That, in the Shock of Charging Hosts unmov'd,  
 Amidst Confusion, Horror, and Despair,  
 Examin'd all the Dreadful Scenes of War;  
 In peaceful Thought the Field of Death survey'd,  
 To fainting Squadrons sent the timely Aid,  
 Inspir'd repuls'd Battalions to engage,  
 And taught the doubtful Battel where to rage.  
 So when an Angel by Divine Command  
 With rising Tempests shakes a guilty Land,  
 Such as of late o'er pale *Britannia* past,  
 Calm and Serene he drives the furious Blast;  
 And, pleas'd th' Almighty's Orders to perform,  
 Rides in the Whirl-wind, and directs the Storm.

But see the haughty Household-Troops advance!  
 The Dread of *Europe*, and the Pride of *France*.  
 The War's whole Art each private Soldier knows,  
 And with a Gen'ral's Love of Conquest glows;  
 Proudly he Marches on, and void of Fear  
 Laughs at the shaking of the *British* Spear;  
 Vain Insolence! with Native Freedom brave  
 The meanest *Briton* scorns the highest Slave,



Contempt and Fury fire their Souls by turns,  
 Each Nation's Glory in each Warrior burns,  
 Each fights, as in his Arm th' important Day  
 And all the Fate of his great Monarch lay:  
 A Thousand glorious Actions, that might claim  
 Triumphant Laurels, and Immortal Fame,  
 Confus'd in Crouds of glorious Actions lye,  
 And Troops of Heroes undistinguish'd dye.  
 O *Dormer*, how can I behold thy Fate,  
 And not the Wonders of thy Youth relate!  
 How can I see the Gay, the Brave, the Young,  
 Fall in the Cloud of War, and lye unsung!  
 In Joys of Conquest he resigns his Breath,  
 And, fill'd with *England's* Glory, smiles in Death.

The Rout begins, the *Gallic* Squadrons run,  
 Compell'd in Crouds to meet the Fate they shun,  
 Thousands of fiery Steeds with Wounds transfix'd  
 Floating in Gore, with their dead Masters mixt,  
 Midst Heaps of Spears and Standards driv'n around,  
 Lye in the *Danube's* bloody Whirl-pools drown'd.  
 Troops of bold Youths, born on the distant *Soan*,  
 Or sounding Borders of the Rapid *Rhône*,  
 Or where the *Sein* her flow'ry Fields divides,  
 Or where the *Loire* through winding Vineyardsglides;  
 In Heaps the Rolling Billows sweep away,  
 And into *Scythian* Seas their bloated Corps convey.  
 From *Bleinheim's* Tow'rs the *Gaul*, with wild Affright,  
 Beholds the various Havock of the Fight;

His waving Banners, that so oft had stood  
 Planted in Fields of Death, and Streams of Blood,  
 So won't the guarded Enemy to reach,  
 And rise Triumphant in the Fatal Breach,  
 Or pierce the broken Foe's remotest Lines,  
 The hardy Veteran with Tears resigns.

Unfortunate *Tallard*! Oh who can name  
 The Pangs of Rage, of Sorrow, and of Shame,  
 That with mixt Tumult in thy Bosom swell'd!  
 When first thou saw'st thy Bravest Troops repell'd,  
 Thine Only Son pierc'd with a Deadly Wound,  
 Choak'd in his Blood, and gasping on the Ground,  
 Thy self in Bondage by the Victor kept!  
 The Chief, the Father, and the Captive wept.  
 An *English* Muse is touch'd with gen'rous Woe,  
 And in th' unhappy Man forgets the Foe.  
 Greatly Distrest! thy loud Complaints forbear,  
 Blame not the Turns of Fate, and Chance of War;  
 Give thy Brave Foes their Due, nor blush to own,  
 The fatal Field by such great Leaders won,  
 The Field whence fam'd *Eugenio* bore away  
 Only the Second Honours of the Day.

With Floods of Gore that from the Vanquish'd fell  
 The Marshes stagnate, and the Rivers swell.  
 Mountains of Slain lye heap'd upon the Ground,  
 Or 'midst the Roarings of the *Danube* drown'd;

Whole

Whole Captive Hosts the Conqueror detains  
In painful Bondage, and inglorious Chains;  
Ev'n those who 'scape the Fetters and the Sword,  
Nor seek the Fortunes of a happier Lord,  
Their raging King dishonours, to compleat  
MARLBOROUGH'S Great Work, and finish the Defeat.

From *Memminghen's* high Domes, and *Ausburg's* Walls,  
The distant Battel drives th' insulting *Gauls*,  
Free'd by the Terror of the Victor's Name  
The rescu'd States his great Protection claim;  
Whilst *Ulme* th' Approach of her Deliv'rer waits,  
And longs to open her obsequious Gates.

The Hero's Breast still swells with great Designs,  
In ev'ry Thought the tow'ring Genius shines:  
If to the Foe his dreadful Course he bends,  
O'er the wide Continent his March extends;  
If Sieges in his lab'ring Thoughts are form'd,  
Camps are assaulted, and an Army storm'd;  
If to the Fight his active Soul is bent,  
The Fate of *Europe* turns on its Event.  
What distant Land, what Region can afford  
An Action worthy his Victorious Sword:  
Where will he next the flying *Gaul* defeat,  
To make the Series of his Toils compleat?

Where the swoln *Rhine* rushing with all its Force  
Divides the Hostile Nations in its Course,

While each contracts its Bounds, or wider grows;  
 Enlarg'd or straiten'd as the River flows,  
 On *Gallia's* Side a mighty Bulwark stands,  
 That all the wide extended Plain commands;  
 Twice, since the War was kindled, has it try'd  
 The Victor's Rage, and twice has chang'd its Side;  
 As oft whole Armies, with the Prize o'erjoy'd,  
 Have the long Summer on its Walls employ'd.  
 Hither our mighty Chief his Arms directs,  
 Hence future Triumphs from the War expects;  
 And, tho' the Dog-star had its Course begun,  
 Carries his Arms still nearer to the Sun:  
 Fixt on the glorious Action, He forgets  
 The Change of Seasons, and Increase of Heats:  
 No Toils are painful that can Danger show,  
 No Climes unlovely, that contain a Foe.

The roving *Gaul*, to his own Bounds restrain'd,  
 Learns to Encamp within his Native Land,  
 But soon as the Victorious Host he spies,  
 From Hill to Hill, from Stream to Stream he flies:  
 Such dire Impressions in his Heart remain  
 Of *MARLBOROUGH's* Sword, and *HOCKSTET's* fatal Plain:  
 In vain *Britannia's* mighty Chief belets  
 Their shady Coverts, and obscure Retreats;  
 They fly the Conqueror's approaching Fame,  
 That bears the Force of Armies in his Name.

*Austria's* Young Monarch, whose Imperial Sway  
Sceptres and Thrones are destin'd to obey,  
Whose boasted Ancestry so high extends  
That in the Pagan Gods his Lineage ends,  
Comes from a-far, in Gratitude to own  
The great Supporter of his Father's Throne:  
What Tides of Glory to his Bosom ran,  
Clasp'd in th' Embraces of the God-like Man?  
How were his Eyes with pleasing Wonder fixt  
To see such Fire with so much Sweetness mixt,  
Such easie Greatness, such a graceful Port,  
So turn'd and finish'd for the Camp or Court!

*Achilles* thus was form'd with ev'ry Grace,  
And *Nireus* shone but in the second Place;  
Thus the great Father of Almighty *Rome*  
(Divinely flusht with an Immortal Bloom  
That *Cytherea's* fragrant Breath bestow'd)  
In all the Charms of his bright Mother glow'd.

The Royal Youth by *MARLBRO's* Prefence charm'd,  
Taught by his Counsels, by his Actions warm'd,  
On *Landan* with redoubled Fury falls,  
Discharges all his Thunder on its Walls,  
O'er Mines and Caves of Death provokes the Fight,  
And learns to Conquer in the Hero's fight.

The *British* Chief, for mighty Toils renown'd,  
Increas'd in Titles, and with Conquests crown'd,

To *Belgian* Coasts his tedious March renews,  
 And the long Windings of the *Rhine* pursues,  
 Clearing its Borders from Usurping Foes,  
 And blest by rescu'd Nations as he goes.  
*Treves* fears no more, free'd from its dire Alarms,  
 And *Traerbach* feels the Terror of his Arms,  
 Seated on Rocks her proud Foundations shake,  
 While *MARLBOROUGH* presses to the bold Attack,  
 Plants all his Batt'ries, bids his Cannon Roar,  
 And shows how *Landau* might have fall'n before.  
 Scar'd at his near Approach, Great *Louis* fears  
 Vengeance reserv'd for his declining Years,  
 Forgets his Thirst of Universal Sway,  
 And scarce can teach his Subjects to Obey;  
 His Arms he finds on vain Attempts employ'd,  
 Th' Ambitious Projects for his Race destroy'd,  
 The Work of Ages sunk in One Campaign,  
 And Lives of Millions sacrific'd in vain.

Such are th' Effects of *ANNA*'s Royal Cares:  
 By Her, *Britannia*, great in Foreign Wars,  
 Ranges through Nations, wheresoe'er disjoin'd,  
 Without the wonted Aid of Sea and Wind.  
 By Her th' unfetter'd *Ister*'s States are free,  
 And taste the Sweets of *English* Liberty.  
 But who can tell the Joys of those that lye  
 Beneath the constant Influence of Her Eye!  
 Whilst in diffusive Show'rs Her Bounties fall  
 Like Heav'n's Indulgence, and descend on All,



## The CAMPAIGN.

19

Secure the Happy, succour the Distrest,  
Make ev'ry Subject Glad, and a whole People Blest.

Thus would I fain *Britannia's* Wars rehearse,  
In the smooth Records of a Faithful Verse;  
That, if such Numbers can o'er Time prevail,  
May tell Posterity the wond'rous Tale.  
When Actions, Unadorn'd, are faint and weak,  
Cities and Countries must be taught to speak;  
Gods may descend in Factions from the Skies,  
And Rivers from their Oozy Beds arise;  
Fiction may deck the Truth with spurious Rays,  
And round the Hero cast a borrow'd Blaze.  
MARLBRO's Exploits appear divinely bright,  
And proudly shine in their own Native Light;  
Rais'd of themselves, their genuin Charms they boast,  
And those who Paint 'em truest Praise 'em most.

F I N I S.

